On His GRACE the DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH* Going for *HOLLAND*.

In Imitation of the Third ODE of the First Book of *HORACE*.

Cæsarem Vehis.

THRICE happy Barque, to whom is giv'n
The Pride of Earth, and Favourite of Heav'n,
Thy ev'ry Guardian God implore,
And waft th' important Charge to *Belgia*'s Shore;
Where Councils yet suspended, wait
Britannia's last Resolves, and *Europe*'s Fate.
So may the Winds with constant Gales
Fulfil thy Purpose, and inspire thy Sails;
Nereids and *Nymphs* attend thy Side,
Thy glitt'ring Stern protect, and gilded Pride.
Bold was the Man, and bravely good,
That tempted first the Sea's impetuous Flood,
Heard the Waves roar, the Tempests blow,
And sought in Foreign Climes the distant Foe:
That made his Country's Glory known,
And for the publick Weal, despis'd his own.
Auspicious Isle, in vain design'd,
By jealous Fate, a Stranger to Mankind,

Since uncontroul'd thy Off-ſpring reign,
And ſport, and triumph on the harmleſs Main!
To manly Souls, reſolv'd like theirs,
No Task has Danger, or no Danger, Fears.
Hence, Spirits of a Patriot-Mould,
Daringly Great, and fortunately Bold,
Climbing th' Imperial Seat, combine,
To ſift the baffled Claim of RIGHT DIVINE;
And to the World Inſtruction gave,
Diſtinguiſhing the Subject from the Slave.
Then lawleſs Pow'r receiv'd its Doom,
And Liberty reviv'd with Native Bloom.
Tho' Nature, frugally inclin'd,
Has all her Gifts to narrow Bounds confin'd;
What will not Art and Pains ſupply?
O'er Waves forbad, in winged Tow'rs we fly,
And with *Herculean* Toil advance,
To ſhock the Pow'r of Hell, the Pride of *France*.
Nor Heav'n it ſelf is uningag'd,
In Wars for FREEDOM, and for *ANNA* wag'd;
Rouz'd by Her Pious, Juſt Alarms,
Behold! th' avengeful Thunderer in Arms,
Surveys the Field with Slaughter ſpread,
And points his CHURCHILL at the Tyrant's Head.

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